It All Depends.

ing at the Smiths' playing poker, and after they arrived home and sat down for a moment's chat

A SHIRT BOSOM EXPOSE

DIS AM ER GEMMENS GENTS DRORIN WILL BE FORCED TO GAME AN WO BANK PAY TO CENTSES TO CHEKS OR BEEAH CHEKS IS DE KITTY OF RETIAH F'OM DE GAM ROOK IN HIT

I don't believe he

an over-

knows enough to omein when it rains! Did you ever meet a siller woman in your life han Mrs. Smith?" 'Never!" he exclaimed. "She's he biggest fool of a woman in the country! Say, didn't the cards on miserable for us to-night?"

life. We lost fully ten dollars, I'm sure." Eleven fifty, confound it, and now I'll be bliged to borrow some of that money I gave you on pay day. Yes, Smith is a chump, and his wife is a good mate for him."

Oh, dreadful! I couldn't get a pair to save my

Two weeks later the Joneses again spent the evening playing poker at the Smiths', and when they returned home and were taking a little unch before going to bed Mr. Jones remarked: By Jove, but Smith is pleasant company, isn't

"Perfectly lovely!" she answered enthusiastical-"We haven't a friend in the world that I like better. I thought Mrs. Smith was charming to-

Yes, so did I. She's certainly one of the most atelligent and entertaining little women I ever met, and I'm mighty proud to know such people. ay, but did you see the big jack-pots I raked in o-night? Great Scott! I never held so many hrees and fours in a game before in my life!" Nor I either. I don't believe the Smiths won a

ingle good sized pot during the whole game. flow much did we win?"

"A little over sixteen dollars, and here it is to ut away with that bank money. Ah, but the withs are fine people and no mistake, and I n't care who knows it, either!"

Miss Quicken was speaking to me of you last

car creature have to say nguired Percy

marche of mine is a good one

s noticed that it always keeps lent." .

As She Is Played. Right at Last

I'm afraid my life has been a fallure, remarked Staylate to the sleepy girl at his side. "If I felt it was my own blame I wouldn't offer a word of complaint, but it yould seem that I am born under an unucky star. It makes no difference what

> the wrong direction." struck 11, and Staylate started to put on the sleepy girl followed him out into the hall she said in the

used for over an hour: "Don't be discouraged, Mr. Staylate. I'm sure you have at last made a move in the right direction."

sweetest tone she had

The True Story of My Grandfather's Clock

"Oh, my grandfather's clock was too large So they had to stand it up on the floor; It was taller by half than the old man

Though it weighed not a pennyweight

Yen.

cabins on

the prairies?"

"Lots of 'em."

"Fore and aft

affairs; can't tell

front from back?"

"Played a game of poker in

"That's what."

"Yep. Four in the game. I was sit-

ting on right hand side of table as you

came in front door. Buck Donald sat

across from me. Pretty slick man, too.

Two tenderfeet were in the other chairs,

Doc Peters was broke, and he sat by the

front door looking out over the prairies."

"Four will do. Had a terrible big pot.

Passed and passed, and thought it never

would be opened. Buck got deal, and I

saw my cards coming. Not a durned

thing. Buck threw deck in middle of ta-

ble. Before we could pick up the hands

Doc, who had risen and was looking out,

shading his eyes with his hand, said:

"The same. We went out front door and

laid flat on ground. Twister picked up

cabin, turned it around few times, sat it

down and went on off. Got up and went

back in cabin. Cards and things just like

we left them, seemed. Picked up my hand

"House turned around and we went in

back door for front. I sat down on right

and picked up hand Buck had dealt for

himself. It took my last cent to open and

"You bet. There must have been thirty-

"I hear he is deeply in debt,"

one once."

"Five's a nice game!"

'Scoot! Twister's coming!'

and found three aces."

bet, but I won the pot."

nine or forty cents,"

A GENERAL

"How's that?"

'Ninety years without slumbering. Tick, tick, tock! Life's seconds numbering, Tick, tick, tock!

But it stopped--short--never to go again When the

This is false to begin with. It went

better than ever after the old man died. He willed it to me, and I ought to know. It did stop once, however, and these are the real facts of the case: Grandfather's clock was very fond of

me. In fact, it never cared half so much about the old man as it did about me. The old man used to get it nervous tinkering and pottering around it, but I used never to bother it except to wind it up when it needed it. The clock appreciated this, and was always on the lookout to do me a good turn. It got the chance at last. I had a poker party in my rooms one night, and all my dearest friends were there trying to win my money. They had succeeded in so doing beyond their wildest hopes, and were looking for a chance to call the game and cash in. I was the banker as well as the host, and in consequence was placed in a rather delicate position. Finally it was agreed to stop at 12 o'clock by my grandfather's honest old timepiece. It was a quarter past 11, and my luck had turned. The game went on. I won better than ever. Apprehensive eyes were cast upon the clock. All ears eagerly listened for the stroke of 12. Still I won, Eight rounds of jack pots came and went, and never the dread hour. I had a row of chips in front of me like Weyler's trocha, and then somebody looked at his watch. It was a quarter of Howls and shricks of baffled rage and malice arose. But my grandfather's clock triumphantly struck 12, and then, with a whir and a buzz, whirled its hands around to the right time, and the game ended with me, the erstwhile loser, eight dollars

ahead. And it struck twenty-four As my friends filed out the door-

without

A Friendless Man. SHE - Why does every one avoid that

poor man? Has he no friends at all? HE - No. He's a always wins.

VERMILYE-I hear that him to stay at home nights

SHOWN-What shall we play? MITH-Let s play "Get thee behind me,

always waits for me. Heavens: Could this slip of a glid be married? And to Sim? No absurd: The young man found speech.
"What, are you then her father?" "No," said the old doorkeeper, reverently. She is my mother." The young men went afar off.

He Remembered Her.

A Terrible Templation. The poker game was at its height. Bascon had lost all his money, but he was burning with the gambling fever and and drew a little to one side, where they could

would not leave the table. He pledged his watch, a gift of his deceased father, for chips and quickly lost them all. Then he membered their lald on the table a ring which had been given to him by a loved sister. The chips he received in exchange lasted just three minutes. For a moment he hesi-

tated, his face flushed, and he started to

leave the gambling hell, but when he

heard a sneering remark about his poker

abilities he uttered an oath, sat down

again, and converted into chips a diamond

pin which was a birthday present from

the girl he loved. In ten minutes he was

The fever was now burning fiercely in

his veins, and he cried recklessly: "I'll

put up everything I possess-the shirt on

And he did. One thing after another he

Wild with excitement, he sprang to his

making a rush for the door, he moaned:

As he disappeared one of the players re-

marked: "Poor devil! I guess he was going

But such was not the case. For one

awful moment Bascom had been tempted

A Miraela.

'Our minister is a wonderful man."

"Converted a member of the choir."

to put up some keepsake from his mother.'

actually did not own the shirt he wore.

my back, if it comes to that."

"broke" again.

have to risk"-

that! No! No! No!"

to risk his bicycle.

"What has he done?"

"Well, well," spake the city dweller. "To think of meeting Zeke Dornton on Broadway!, Awini glad to see you! What're you doing here? Where are you stopping at? You must come and spend the evening with us-take you to the theatre."

"I'm just tarnation glad to run across you. Reckoned as I'd look you up, but kinder thought y might be too stuck up to notice a fellow." "How's all the old people. Does old Jarby keep the Post Office down at the cross roads yet? And

Mar'm Jenkins down"-"Yes, old Jarby keeps round just the same. Do you remember Ruthy Ellen Wilkins?"

"That little weazened, red headed girl, with exchanged for chips and lost, until he freckles all over her nose?"

"Ye-es. I reckon that would be her. "Remember her! Well, I should just think I did. Nobody that ever looked once at that face would feet and shouted: "I will do you fellows be likely to forget it. Why, she had a mouth that yet! I will keep up the game even if I always reminded me of a sick yearling's, and her He stopped. His face became livid. He feet weren't mates either. What's happened to

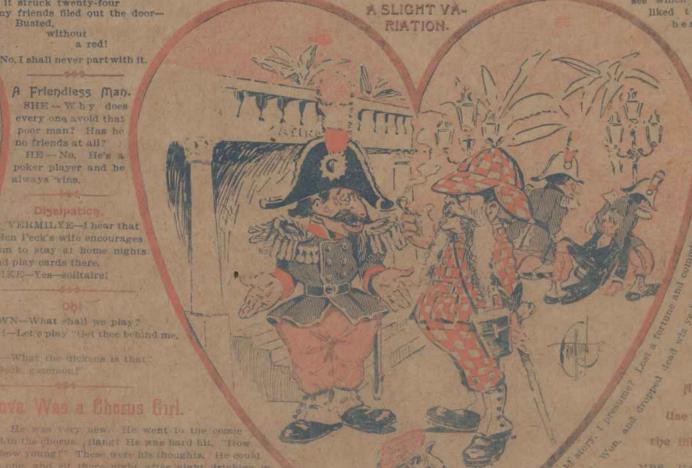
looked around like a caged beast. Then, her? Wa'al-nothing very much-excepting that I've 'Not that! Oh, heavens, I cannot risk just married her, and we're on our weddin' trip.'

> How It Comes Home to Us. True hearts are more than coronets, That may with truth be said When you desire to fill a flush,

But draw some kings instead.

Both Full of Trouble. TOM-A man recently got married in Chicago

one day and hung himself the next. DICK-No doubt he wanted to try all the varieties of nooses to see which he liked the best



Her face would stop a cable car on Broadway 'Yea; she's very pretty.